And make pretence of wrong that I have done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Must feele warres blow, who feares not innocence:
Which love to all, of which thy selfe art one,
Who now reprovedst me for it.

Hell. Alasse sir.

Per. Drew sleepe out of mine eyes, blood from my cheekes,
Musings in my minde, with thousand doubts
How I might stop their tempest ere it came,
And finding little comfort to releeve them,
I thought it princely charitie to grieve for them.

Hell. Well my Lord, since you have given me leave to speake,
Freely will I speake, *Antiochus* you feare,
And justly too I thinke you feare the tyrant:
Who either by publike warre, or private treason,
Will take away your life: therefore my Lord, goe travell for a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life: your Rule direct to any, if unto me, day serves not light more faithfull than Ile be.

Per. I doe not doubt thy faith,
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hell. Wee'l mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being, and our birth.

Per. *Tyre*, I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharsus*
Intend my travaile, where Ile heare from thee;
And by whose Letters Ile dispose my selfe,
The care I had and have of subjects good,
On thee I lay, whose wisedomes strength can beare it.
Ile take thy word for faith not aske thine oath,
Who shuns not to breake one, will cracke both.
But in our orbes we live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall neere convince,
Thou shewest a subjects shine, I a true Prince. *Exit.*

Enter Thaliard solus.

Thal. So, this is *Tyre*, and this is the Court, here must I kill King *Pericles*, and if I doe it not, I am sure to be hanged at home:

it

it is dangerous.
Well, I perceive he was a wi
on, that being bid to aske wha
hee might know none of his sec
reason for it: for if a King bid
by the indenture of his oath to
Husht here comes the Lords of

Enter Hellicanus,
Lords

Hell. You shall not need, my
to question me of your Kings de
left in trust with me, doth speak
vell.

Thal. How? the King gone

Hell. If further yet you will
licenc'd of your loves) he would
to you: Being at *Antioch*.

Thal. What from *Antioch*?

Hell. Royal *Antiochus* (on wh
displeasure at him, at least he ju
had erred or sinned, to shew his
selfe; so puts himselfe unto the
each minute threatens life or de

Thal. Well, I perceive I shal
I would, but since hee's gone, th
scapte the Land, to perish at the
to the Lords of *Tyre*.

Hell. Lord *Thaliard* from *Ant*

Thal. From him I come with
but since my landing I have und
tooke himselfe to unknowne tra
from whence it came.

Hell. We have no reason to de
ster, not to us; yet ere you shall
to *Antioch*, we may feast in *Tyre*.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22339) LONDON, 1635 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.